

miniMAG

issue12
Prowling



black white cat wisdom

i was about to throw the trash
when i saw the bright moon in all its fullness and depth,
crucified in this summer night,
surrounded by the quiet.

there was a cat in the bin, striped and staring.
we are both missing something —
we looked to the position of the stars
in search for peace in this silent monsoon.

we found nothing.
we asked the moon:

how could you have not known,
that your light would love,
and in love would hurt?

but the moon, in all its fullness and depth,
settled for the quiet in this ruthless monsoon.

sometimes, the head must lose to the heart.
sometimes, the heart owes it to the soul.

what are we, if not a thousand fractures
exploding into survival,
and we are all hurting all the same.

By Maisie Russel



找一个敌人来爱
找一个爱人来战
找一个压迫者来共谋
找一个统治者来反抗

找一个自己来推翻
找一个推翻自己的自己来告白

找一个轮盘来攀高
找一面镜子来打碎
找一个面子来拒绝

找一个答案来问问题
找一个抽象来盘逻辑

找一面墙
画了个窗
《不法之徒》里的

饿了
找了一根烟

吞了

By Sophia Onion



Maze

By Biscuit

I am in a maze,
Round and round I go.

A voice called out,
Turn left,
It says,
Then turn right.

I followed the voice,
With blind trust.
Rushing to the light,
Ran into a solid wall of glass.

The voice called out,
Go up,
It says,
Then go down.

I followed the voice,
With blind faith.
Climbing my way up,
(Even though I'm afraid of height)
Sliding down the cliff into deep water.
(Even though I cannot swim)

The voice called out,
Get some rest,
It says,
For tomorrow we try again.

I am in a maze,
Round and round I go.

I am the maze.

If I just got rid of all the passivity,
maybe then you'd love me more.
Atleast I could say I tried.
But your big eyes seem irresolute,
perhaps they're taking in all my many flaws,
perhaps I've attached more intelligence to them than they probably
deserve.
I wonder whether I falsely relate those things.
Could I ask you to something like dinner, would that be ok?

I got rid of the passivity;
you love me.
I say I tried.
Your big eyes resolute,
taking in my flaws.
I've attached intelligence to them,
I relate those things.
I ask you out to dinner.

By Alex Prestia

Simp



If...

By Anon

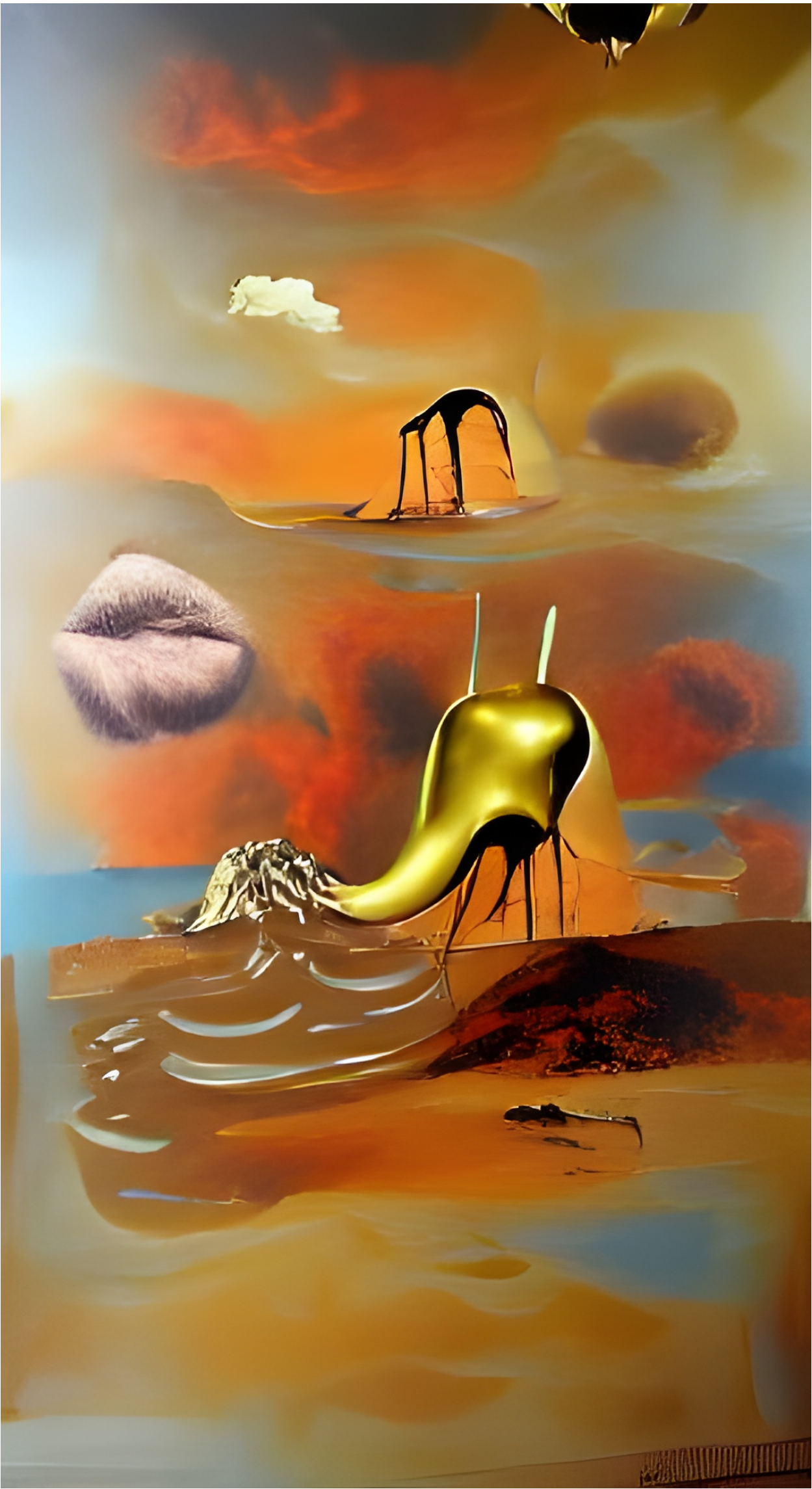
If I could see, what would I look for?
If I could hear, how would I listen?
If I could feel, where would I find the trust?
If I could touch, which part would be appropriate?
If I could smell, how would I inhale all this filth?
If I could taste, what would it be like?
If I could remember, I once knew all of this
But now that you gone, it all left nothing in me.

Could...

Poem for a ex girlfriend I think I saw at Uni today whose heart I broke

By Grozny

It could've been you
It could have not been you, it could've been someone else with a broad build and blonde hair and glasses
It could've been someone I never knew, it could've been someone who knew you
But I think it was you.
I think it was you because when we made eye contact you looked down
And by the time you had positioned your eyes facing the ground, you had brought your hand up above them like a sun shield
And by the time we were parallel to each other, for the first time in two years we were no longer divided by anything
And you turned your head away from me and looked toward the water.
And if it wasn't you maybe who it was, was just shielding your glasses from the rain, before you turned to notice the lake on a rainy day.
If it wasn't you whoever it was maybe enjoyed their view of the water rippling under that dribbling humid rain at the end of a long, storm brought night.
But something tells me it was you.
And if it was you I understand why you blocked your vision, even after these years you refused me entry into your mind.
If it was you I won't reopen the wound, and I won't try and call your name to see if it is you.
If it was you I'm sorry.
I know you forgave me. And I know that forgiveness means that we can't ever speak again.
But even if it was you, as my heart lays heavy tonight, I hope you thought the lake was beautiful.



My Tinder Confession

By Sophia Onion

@Pete: “ What are you looking for here? ”

又碰到了这个老生长谈的话题...我叹了一口气，点上一根烟，看着我家泛黄的天花板，仰天长呼....
烟雾里我仿佛看到了一组肖像轮播图...“我妈/面试我的上司/Steve Jobs/买手店的 Lucy...”他们 正对着我，用他们的方式轮流问我这个问题....

Me (typing mode): **“ N-o-t-h-i-n-g”**

我叼着这根半死不活的烟，皱起我的眉心，打了这几个字...
而又迅速地删掉...“这样会不会显得我太丧....”我心想...

烟快烧完了....我盯着火苗的尽头，眼前浮现一个怨妇腔舞台剧女演员在自言自语:

“我想要一个，一个可以毫无缘由爱上我的人。在三维世界里找不到任何逻辑，任何理由也爱我如瞎的人。他捧着我的脸，深情地注视着我，对我说: 'Aww... you are soooo cute, I would die to give birth to our baby ifI had the goddamn hole...' After that, my long-lasting self-loathing would vanish just with one click.”

Me (typing mode) : “just like browsing Taobao, adding stuffs to my shopping cart, and never gonna check them after ”

又点起了一根烟，又皱起了我的眉心...

“如此坦白也太扫兴了...” 眼睛有点黏糊.. 我揉了揉两下...

又长按了删除键....

...

我...我...想要“瞬间的永恒”...噢不，我想要永恒.... 只是生活使我想要“瞬间的永恒”。但每次的“瞬间”之短都让我花很大的力气去平息“瞬间”和“永恒”之间巨大的张力....就像一根老弹簧，一面是“瞬间”，一面是“永恒”，然后被上帝强按着我的头压在“瞬间”这个面，用力把我按到“永恒”的那头...

即使如此，而我想要的这一切，要向一个路人寻求...嗯... 荒谬...惭愧...

当然...亲爱的...我理应“向内寻求,” pray for my emptiness... I agree... better if I could do it at a luxurious spa...

我看到对方的对话框闪烁着typing mode...但迟迟不出来文字

有时候，我觉得我的爱就像一个毫无原则，毫无态度的可怜虫，为每一个我动心的人量身定制。把我暗月大战明月五百回之后剩下的那一点点回血的能量装到不同形状的容器里，阴阳怪气地递给他们...

Like, 假装自己买一送一的赠品..不经意地递给ta “ 呃，我买多了，给你吧...” or “ 呃，我刚好经过，顺路给你”然后，对方耸了耸肩，带着一个似乎惊喜但又不怎么惊喜地表情接过了“礼物”，对我说：“ Cheers, mate.”

又或者，有时候，情急之下，我会把这份“礼物” 如一个投球，甩到对方的脸上，“爱！要！不！要！” 反正，我那信手拈来的“自杀式自我保护”每每即兴发挥，都会，殊途同归。

究竟我是如何做到如此卑微且傲娇的..

Maybe that’s my style of being sad... feeding it to kill myself, slowly... hmmm... sounds like cash to me...

@Pete: “ hello? ”

我开始有点不耐烦....我退出了对话框，重新翻开了他的profile, 再仔细地品了品，似乎，的确没有什么特别的感应...

@Pete: “ are you there? ”

我迫不及待地想续上一根烟...但又在想怎么回...

情急慌乱之际，I ...sent something out all of a sudden....

Me: “ For fuck’s sake, I want to be a new person. ”



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“black white cat wisdom”
by Maisie Russel

“Untitled (找一个...)” and “My Tinder Confession”
by Sophia Onion

“Maze” by Biscuit

“Untitled (If...)” by Anonymous

“Poem for a ex girlfriend I think I saw at
Uni today whose heart I broke”
by Grozny

Upcoming book: “Longtime Sunshine”
Check out his album “Mental State of Decay” at bandcamp:
<https://grozny1992.bandcamp.com>

Editing and “Simp” by Alex Prestia

(all images generated by NightCafe artificial intelligence)